



AUTOMOTIVE SECTION



Good Roads Lead D. C. Autoists to Joys of Surf Bathing and Sea Food at Solomons Island

COUNTRYSIDE IS FRAGRANT

Calvert County Court House
Built Following 1915
Fire, Passed.

MOTOR BOATS POPULAR

One of Seventeenth Century
Churches Lies Along
Picturesque Route.

King Solomon, wise bird that he was, never visited Solomon's Island, Md. It may have been because of the unusual array of feminine reasons he had grouped around his fireside, or rather, in these days of warm weather, around the family ice box and household winepress.

Good reasons, of course. But undoubtedly the best reason he never made the trip down the bay from the Capital City was because it would have made him miss a row of his wives' birthdays if he had tried to negotiate the seventy-



On the shores of Solomon's Island the mermaids of the Chesapeake come in for a rest. You don't have to "live in the water" to enjoy yourself these hot days. Delmer Grover lives in Baltimore, but she has her summer water sports at Solomon's Island.

five-mile jaunt. Ox teams are slow. But it's a good bet that he would have hiked over the trail to the southward more than once a season if he had a Scripps-Booth touring car in his imperial garage. And he wouldn't have missed the family birthday celebrations while making the trip, either.

King Solomon was wise and all that, but the mechanics he had lined up to "keep the kingdom's best harness in good condition failed in their duty when they didn't provide better transportation service for the master of the household.

Go Him One Better.

That's where the Herald pathfinder party had the slight edge on the president of the old school. They had at their service last Thursday, a flying son of the Scripps-Booth family, and no birthday cakes were missed in annihilating the 146 miles that must be clicked off to visit the interesting point in Maryland which enjoys the prestige of having the King's name.

Enclosed above the Pullman-like springs of the sturdy Scripps-Booth, even Jack Stowell with his suitcase-style camera had to admit pathfinding was an occupation that beats anything the King himself could offer in the line of sport. A reporter is supposed to enjoy himself, no matter what the breaks are, but when a photoman has to admit openly that work is enjoyable—



In the waters around the shores of Solomon's Island are scenes that remind one of New England. But Washingtonians need not go to the north country for their fisherman's lore. Here is pictured a vessel that might well be used for a Jack London tale.

you can use your own judgment in the matter of whether the Solomon Island trip was enjoyable.

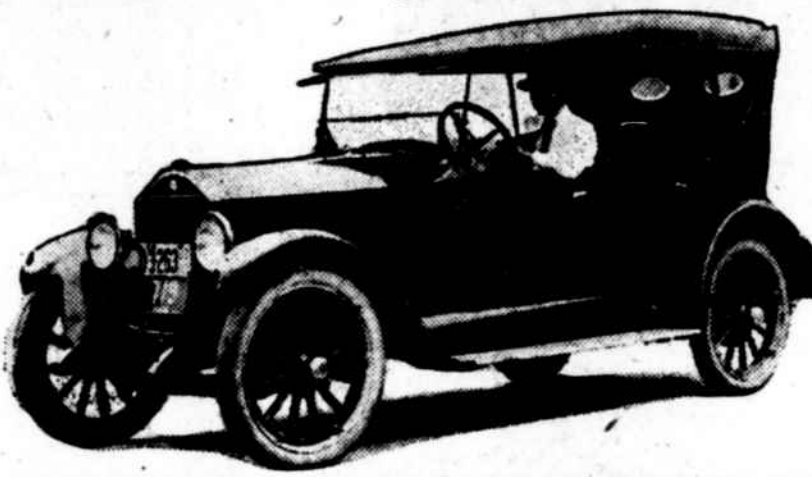
The party left the Scripps-Booth headquarters at 11:14. Eighteenth street northwest at 4:40 Thursday morning with Lawrence K. Elliott, the debonair Scripps-Booth salesman, at the wheel. "George" Bernard Cooke, expert mechanician, was also aboard, much in the manner of an observer in a cross-Atlantic flight. But the only job "George" had was occasionally to act as a relief pilot during the expedition. Not even a spring squeak developed throughout the tour.

No Detour Necessary.

Down H street northwest the exploring party sailed, around Thomas Circle, into Massachusetts avenue, New Jersey avenue, and through the parkways of the Capitol grounds, fresh and bright in the morning sunlight. In a few minutes the machine had spun out of the shadows of the city's bricks and across the Anacostia River, coffee-brown from the heavy storm of the previous afternoon.

The detour necessary a week previous as the mileage turned to seven miles from headquarters was eliminated this week and the Scripps-Booth scooted up the grade of the Pennsylvania avenue hill like the darting rabbits the party saw along the roadside later in the day. The party covered for the next forty miles the same route examined in detail last Sunday in the story of its trip to Chesapeake Beach. At 40.2 miles a large sign on the left-hand roadside, directing motorists to Chesapeake Beach, was disregarded and the Scripps-Booth chose the sand and gravel road to the right.

Down a winding road flanked with occasional wild grape vines, which members of the party were sorry to note were not yet loaded with the forbidden fruit, the car rolled along around curves that out the



Here is Lawrence K. Elliott, the Scripps-Booth salesman, who kindly provided the past week's touring thrills for the Herald pathfinder party on its trip to Solomon's Island, Md. Larry will sell you a Scripps-Booth if you give him half a chance. If he doesn't—just hop into one for a day's outing, and the car will sell itself.

trail into fascinating chapters and provided the open road with its chief delight.

Valleys Fragrant.

From a beautifully kept farmyard with a hedge manicured in city style, the party rolled down through a wooded ravine at 49.1, where hung a fragrance that would have raised envy in the heart of Mary Garden could some rival only concentrate the essence, label it, and put it on the front of the drug store counter.

At 12:15, when the speedometer read 52.2, we passed a sign at the left which told us that Prince Frederick was but a short distance ahead. Rounding a curve shortly afterward we rolled down the main street of this picturesque village to be greeted by "Buster," the town dog. There we learned the courthouse, for Prince Frederick is the county seat of Calvert County, had once been the scene of many interesting tales of Southern Maryland. A new building, erected in 1915, now stands upon the courthouse site, as the original one burned in a conflagration that destroyed almost the entire central portion of the village in 1852. It was erected in 1915.

Not forgetting our destination and dinner were still miles away, we turned up once more, and at 57 passed signs on the right which directed the wayfarer to Mutual, two miles, and Broom's Island, eight miles. At 62.2 the Scripps-Booth rolled past St. Leonard's post-office into another wooded stretch that halted us with its delightful odor of old pines.

Improving Road.

On the left at 61.9, stood former Representative Thomas Parran's hillside home, one of the largest farmhouses in all the country we had traversed, a homey retreat with wide porches that overlooked one of the best stretches of tobacco on the journey.

At 64.5, Jack, the lens shot, the party, was first to spot an ancient farmhouse with quaint dormer windows and broad chimneys. A mile farther we were held up for a moment by a monster truck busy dragging the roadway. Out of the entire 72.3 miles to Solomons Island, only a bare three miles were difficult traveling.

These spots were all being repaired, but with the heavy rain of the previous afternoon, the gravel and sand were loose and rutty. But for the remainder of the trip, the roads, though sand and gravel, were dry and hard packed as smooth as a garden driveway.

At Lusby, Md., we stopped a moment under the shade of the trees while we met Howard J. Pardee, the postmaster, and his two little children, Earl and Madeline. With eight miles to go, we soon sped on toward dinner. Travel with Jack and you will soon know that eating is more than a pastime, an urgent necessity. But travel over this same run yourself and your appetite will also become more than a rumor.

Cross on Causeway. At 68.2 on the left there is a sign directing to Cove Point, four miles. We disregarded this, keeping to the main highway, and a few moments later pulled into Solomons Island, after crossing an oyster shell causeway that all but stops Solomons Island from being an island. On the right is the Patuxent River, where boys were busy crabbing along the shore.

Five minutes later, Jack of the commissary department, had found George M. Bowen, proprietor of Bowen's Inn, and had spoken a few words that brought a smile to the genial innkeeper's face and from his lips the assurance, "Till six you O. K. in twenty minutes."

The party took a short walk around the point, looked out toward Chesapeake Bay, and then came back to enjoy an excellent shore dinner—oyster fritters, soft-shell crabs, and all the fixins.

During dinner we chatted with Mr. Bowen, who told of the crowd the village had entertained over the Fourth week-end, and related some great old fishing yarns that were supported by photographs of the catches.

After dinner the party took a mo-

tor boat trip around the point, looked over the shipyard up Mill Creek, and watched the bathers enjoying their afternoon swim.

Motor boats may be hired for a trip out into the bay to the light-house and other points. One thing that strikes the visitor as being out of the order at Solomons Island is the presence of high-masted vessels only a short distance from a shore where cows are browsing—a strange combination of farm sights along a shore lined with oyster shells. Along the docks in various states of decay were the hulls of old-time fishing boats, a veritable graveyard where lay the skeletons of vessels once considered the final word in the shipbuilding art.

Returning to shore the party took another stroll around the point and Jack insisted that he must get some bathing pictures for the tired

And here is Wilmer—Wilmer Elliott, of Solomon's Island, in his latest word of the bathing suit mart. Wilmer, red hair and all, posed for The Herald camera, but declined to say that he was copying the suggestions of Beau Nash that the "man would wear" a suit not unlike a full length dressing jacket this year.

reader's Sunday morning eyes. We found Wilmer Elliott—Larry, the Scripps-Booth driver, insisted there was no relation between them, but the rest of the party likewise insisted he must be a cousin.

"Latest" Bathing Suit.

Wilmer was exhibiting the latest word in bathing suits for men—a wrapper effect, not unlike the full-length smoking jacket of the well-dressed gentleman, such a creation as only Beau Nash, of theater program fame, would dare suggest to his man-about-town readers. The

SCRIPPS-BOOTH MISSES BUMPS

Big Touring Car Eats Up
Miles Down Chesapeake
Beach.

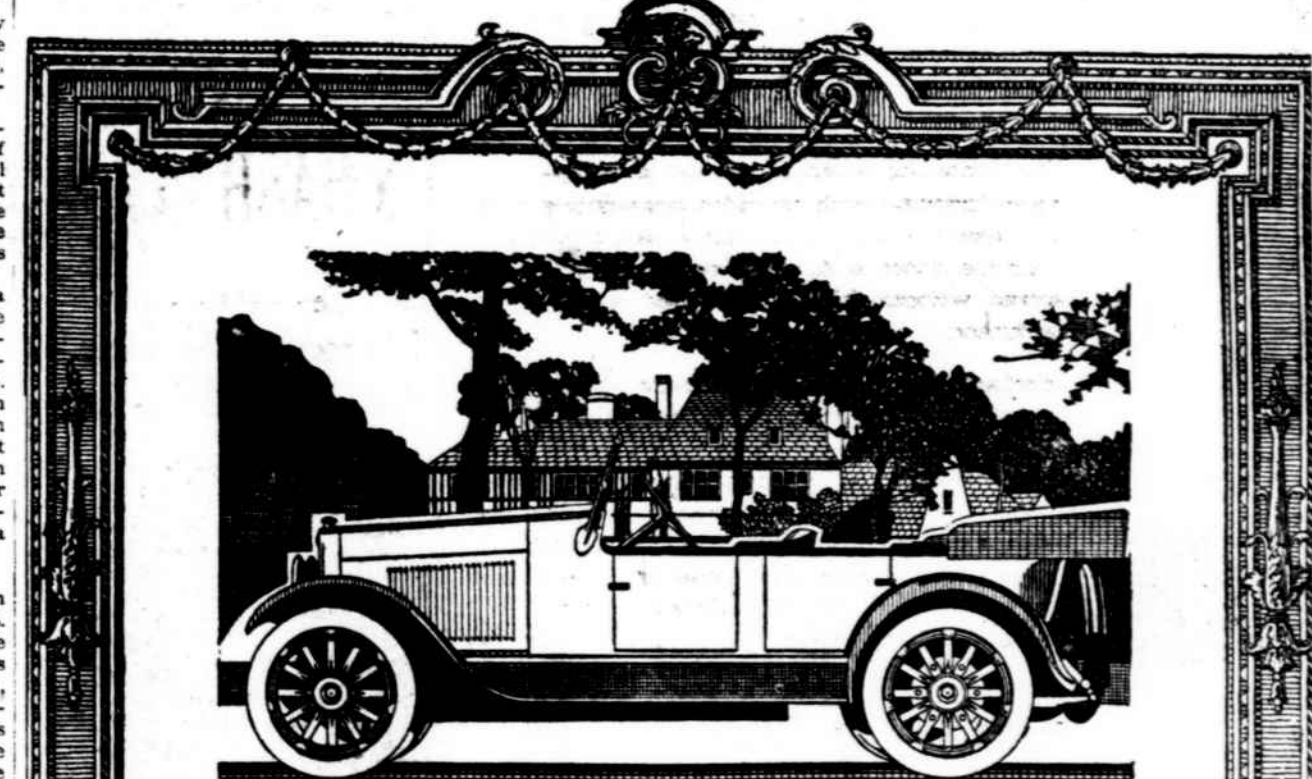
RIDERS FIND COMFORT

"Ocean's Best" Waits Hungry Motorists at End
Of Trip.

youngster consented to pose for Jack, red hair and all, and though he shivered in the salt water, he bravely argued, "No, sir, I'm not cold."

At 4 o'clock, after wandering about the village for a short time, the Scripps-Booth was once more tuned up for the return jaunt, and Elliott manned the helm. Elliott tried to act as though he was ready for city life once more, but when the party was twenty-nine miles nearer Washington, he nonchalantly announced he had left his coat in the suggestions of Beau Nash that the party argued what was a coat between friends, and at Sunderland he "phoned and requested it be sent to Scripps-Booth headquarters."

Just before reaching Sunderland the party visited All Saints' Church, a sister church to the Herring Creek Church, which, as explained last Sunday, is one of the string of four churches twelve miles apart, and founded in the Seventeenth Century. Sunderland was the last stop made on the tour, the Scripps-Booth purring contentedly up and down the graveled grades and around the curves. The party arrived in Washington once more at 7:30 o'clock in the evening, a trifle sunburnt from the cruise on the water, but happy with the day's outing.



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